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By *A. M.* D. D.

WHereas it hath been talked by ſome idle and impertinent People, that I am the Author of a certain Book entituled *The Charge of Socinianiſm againſt Doctor* Tillotſon, *&c.* I think it fit to declare, that I never was the Author of any ſuch Book, charging him or any other with *Socinianiſm.* And I further declare, That I was never enticed, prompted, or encouraged by any Man (dead or alive) to write any thing of *that* nature. And I am ready to take my Oath, in the moſt ſolemn manner, to confirm the truth of all this, if duly required thereunto.

When I have ſaid ſo much, I think I am but little concerned to anſwer any Libel intended againſt me upon this occaſion, in which I am ſenſibly ſtruck at, by ſome diſtinguiſhing *innuendo's*, (tho' not particularly named,) as the Vindicator himſelf acknowledges. The ſeveral reflections, in a ſhort digreſſion of a late Book, levelled at me, are but ſome common places of Reviling, which only proves, That the Author was very angry. One may venture to draw this Conſequence from what is ſaid *Page* 105. and 106. of his Vindication, without the imputation of either *Ignorance* or *Malice*. No modeſt Man loves to be put upon the unpleaſant Task of defending himſelf a-

gainſt Reproaches of this Nature. It is barbarous to invade a Man's good Name, upon ſlender and fooliſh Surmiſes. The Rules of Humanity oblige us to more Compaſſion and good Nature: But moſt Men had rather talk of Generoſity than practiſe it. If we truly underſtood the Precepts of Natural Religion, we would be the more prepared heartily to believe that which is Revealed.

It is a great Infelicity to continue for any conſiderable time, under the dominion of a brutal Paſſion: And it is very difficult to hide it, where once it hath got the *Aſcendant*. Art and Memory may give a Man the ſlip, and Nature will appear in its own Colours. It is uneaſie to act a Part, even when we are much accuſtom'd to it. I thank God, I was never made a Tool to ſerve the Paſſions or Intereſts of any particular Man or Party: I ſtill retain the liberty of my Thoughts and Actions under all my Diſaſters. If I am oblig'd to my Friends, I am reſolv'd to be Grateful: I am very ſure, none of them gave my Enemies any Commiſſion to upbraid me with *their* kindneſſes. *Cruel Mockings* do ordinarily attend the State of the Oppreſs'd: And Philoſophy, as well as Juſtice has deſerted the Earth. What St. *Paul* hath ſaid of the Primitive Chriſtians is, in a peculiar manner, true of the Clergy of *Scotland*, if there be not another Life, *They are of all Men the moſt miſerable*. I pray God they may poſſeſs their Souls in patience.

For my part, I love my Solitude and Retirement; and the oldeſt Books in Divinity better than all the later Eſſays and Explications. When *my Eccleſiaſtical Superiors* inform me, That my endeavours to ſerve the *Church*, are impertinent or unſeaſonable, I chearfully ſub nit to their Authority, as I have always done, in *their* (and my) more proſperous Circumſtances.

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What is obſerv'd by my Accuſer is certainly true, *viz. That ſome Men have an Art of Writing to diſparage the ſide they write for.* For this very reaſon, ſome haſty Productions have been committed to the Flames; and others, which perhaps deſerve the ſame Illuminations, are ſuppreſs'd.

If he had left me half dead under the Cloud of general Strictures, there might be ſome hopes of a Reſurrection; but he thought it convenient to ſet me in a better Light: I muſt be ferreted from one *Diminutive* unto another, until the Multitude fix their Eyes upon me. A Triumphal Arch muſt be rais'd, where ſuch a contemptible Creature was ſlain; and therefore he adds, *That it is probable, the Party will deſire their Journey-man to forbear writing, and reſerve himſelf for Fighting, in which he is better practis'd.*

One that reads this laſt ſtroak may be made to believe, that ſome time or other I have fall'n into Quarrels and Contentions, very unbecoming a Preſbyter, whereas the true Story, that is thus diſguis'd into an Invective, is no more, than that I was perſwaded by a Relation of mine (then Lieutenant-Colonel to my Lord *Dumbarton's* Regiment) when I was very Young, to go abroad with him: I complied with his Invitation: I ſtayed in *France* about two Years and a half: And tho' I was Liſted in that Regiment, I was under no reſtraints that might divert me from any part of Learning that I had a mind to: That *Scene* was quickly over; I return'd to my own Country and former Studies. This innocent excurſion of my Life made up a part of the *Presbyterian* Libel at *Edinburgh, Anno* 1690. and it appeared then ſo ridiculous, that I thought it ſhould never be reviv'd again by any Man thereafter.

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To have been a Souldier, is a Reproach only in the Opinion of ſome few Men, who underſtand Libelling better than the diſcipline of War. The Greateſt in all Ages thought that the Liberal Sciences, and the knowledge of Arms are not at ſuch odds with one another. *Julius Scaliger* and Monſieur *Des Cartes*, (to name no more) were Soldiers. The truth is, I am not ambitious of being call'd a *Journey-man*: And I am ſurpris'd to find ſo mean a Word placed ſo near another, that is ſo *uſual* and ſo *Manly*. Some Men forget nothing but the *Decorum* due to their Character: It is fitter for ſuch to give hard Names, than for me to return an Anſwer. Notwithſtanding of all this, I thank God, I was never obliged nor inclined to Fight, nor yet engaged in any *Rencontre* that could make me incapable to ſerve at the Altar.

It is no part of my buſineſs to know or enquire what Books are written againſt my Accuſer or any of his Friends and Acquaintances dead or alive. I think it very hard to publiſh ſcandalous Reports againſt a Presbyter, before he is either heard or examined. The Laws of Nature and Nations condemn this practice: And the Evangelical Canon requires, that *no Accuſation ought to be received againſt an Elder, but before two or three Witneſſes.*

Clandeſtine Libels are more Malicious than when a Man is particularly named. It is a ſad Misfortune to be made the Property of every little Intelligencer. If groundleſs Stories, and unexamin'd Falſhoods are publiſh'd for Truths, what then comes of the Peace of Human Societies? I pray God convince all Men, that are engaged in ſuch Deſigns, of their Error and Injuſtice; and in the mean time deliver me from the Malice of ſuch as I never provoked.

FINIS.